

November 1st 1918.

My Darling Marie :-

It is very early in the morning. I have just finished breakfast and sent in my morning reports, and am now making my morning report to you. It is a little more pleasant morning report than the last few have been. I had some time for recreation yesterday - and I went on an awful spree. Roy Dempsey and I left camp at six last evening and went to the Hotel Be la Gare for dinner, which was very good. We finished dinner, then took a walk through the main street of town (it was a black night and there was not a light anywhere to be seen) and continued our walk on home where we arrived at seven forty five. I played two games of solitaire, then went to bed. How's that for real excitement dear? It did break the monotony of

everything a great deal however
and we all fully enjoyed it in
spite of the tame character of
the spree.

I had a wonderful night's
sleep and feel more refreshed
this morning than I have for
many days. I find quite a lot
of work to be done in the
office today but guess it is
always so at the first of the
month because there there is a
lot of paperwork that has to
be done - such as pay roll
and return of enlisted personnel,
and it means a lot of additional
work for everyone in the office.

It is foggy again this morn-
ing, but I am glad, for I have
learned that over here if a
day starts off with fog it always
ends up clear, and I am
praying for clear weather. It
is the one thing we need

more than any thing else. I am
very anxious to see the papers
this morning. It is interesting
to watch the development of events
now, and as all events have
"ventilated" excepting Germany.
I am looking for that to come
at any time. There can be no
doubt in their minds that they
have lost the war, and I am
of the opinion that they will
never go far enough with it to
permit the devastation of their
country to the extent this
country is devastated. They may
do so of course, but I think they
are entirely too yellow to let it go
that far. It is very near the
end of the war.

The sergeant just handed me
a big bunch of names of culprits
who were absent from bad check.

and revielle. Not many, but
more than I have ever had
before. If there are signs of
an epidemic appearing, I will
put a stop to it in a hurry.
It is hard to handle some new
but very simple to get along
with others.

Honey dear, I must close
now. This is a short letter I
know, but I have beaucoup
de travail — I can't
spell the darsed word but it
means "work". Give my dear love
to little Maie. Brother dear, Ted
Glad. Remembers always Honey,
that with all the love of which
I am capable, I love you.
Daddy,

Arsel Smith
Capt. U.S.A.